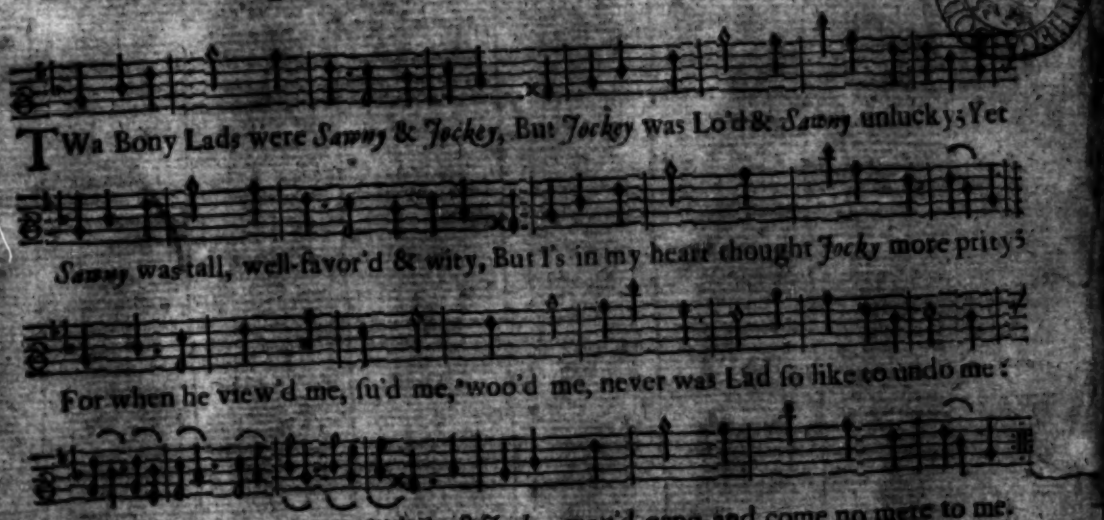
Jenneys Lamentation for the loſs of Jocky.

OR,

A New Song in the Play called the ROYALIST.



(2)

Jockey would Love, but he would not Marry;
And I'ſe have a Dread leaſt I ſhould miſcarry:
For his cunning Tongue with Wit was ſo guilded,
That I was affraid my Heart would have yielded;
Daily he preſt Preſt me, Bleſt me, Kiſt me;
Loſt was the Hour methought when he miſt me;
Crying, Denying, and Sighing I Woo'd him;
But ah! much ado had I to get fro' him.

(3)

But Unlucky Fate rob'd me of this Jewel,
For *Sawney* would make him Fight in a Duel;
And down in a Dale with *Cyprus* ſurrounded,
Oh! There to his Death poor *Jockey* was Wounded;
But when he Thrill'd him, Fell'd him, Kill'd him,
Who can expreſs my Grief that beheld him?
Raging, I tore my Hair for to bind him,
And Vow'd and Swore I'de ne'r ſtay behind him.

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